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For the Columbian.

CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS.

BY LENNA F——.

LONG-FADED visions of my childhood's years,
Where have ye fled?
I search for ye amid the wildwood bowers;
I woo ye mid the bright-hued Summer flowers;
I bow my head
To catch your inspiration from the sunset's beam;
I seek ye in the morning's early gleam;
I mourn ye with a love that will not deem
Your beauty dead.

Ye were so bright, so glorious once, ye lent
A charm your own
To every rosebud by the zephyrs bent—
To every love-note o'er by warbler sent
To bird-mate flower.
Ye cast a golden daze o'er every far-off hill;
Found sweet-toned music in the gurgling rill;
And conjured bright-robed fairy forms to fill
Each wood-nook lone.

Oh, Dreams long vanished! come to me again
With olden cheer.
My head is aching with a yearning pain
To find your whispered hope-words were so vain,
And earth so drear.
I long to feel again a child's undoubting trust,
Deem human truth a thing less frail than dust,
And human love too pure to dim or rust
With lapse of years.

PIKE, PA., August, 1866.

JEAN RATHBURNE'S LIFE.

A SPRING long and cold, a short and fervid Summer, an Autumn bearing scant fruit—that was Jean Rathburne's life. And now she is dead, and the long wild grasses are tangled above her grave by vagrant winds which wanton through them.

It was the will she left behind her which was the key-note to her life, and made it significant—a strange will, yet perfectly legal, and proved in court like the rest of them. She bequeathed, after a few trifling legacies, all her fortune—some three hundred thousand dollars—under the supervision of competent trustees, to further the happiness of seven young orphan girls. It was, of course, the income which was to be used thus, the money itself was to be a permanent fund, and those whom it enriched, when they married or otherwise ceased to need its aid, were to have their places filled by the trustees. She chose the first board of managers herself, and made provisions, when any of the number should die, for the election of others in their stead.

She explained her intention minutely.

It was not to make the girls good merely, or respectable merely, or well-clothed or well-fed merely; but, if possible, to make them happy, to indulge their whims, and give their individualities a chance. For she said, and this voice from her very grave was the only complaint she had ever been known to utter:

"One woman who has found life very sad, would like to make it brighter for some of those who will live after her."

That was all, a quiet, calm statement of facts—she had found life very sad—but did any wail ever come out of bitterer depths?

Her parents had died before she could remember them, and left her a fortune and a guardian; left her, too, with a nature at once shy and sensitive, with a tendency to morbidness and hypochondria, which needed sorely the influence of a warm, loving, cheerful home.

Instead of that Sampson Dredlife and his wife starved her and froze her. I do not mean literally; there was fire and food enough in their great, comfortable house, and Miss Rathburne, as an heiress should, was served with the best.

But she was always Miss Rathburne—never Jeanie, or darling, or mother's blessing, or heart's delight, or any of those fond, foolish names familiar to the lips of happy mothers. She knew well enough that no one loved her, and that strengthened her shyness, and deepened her despondency.

So she grew up to twenty-one—a long, slow cold Spring, as I said. Then her fortune came into her own hands, and with a certain Widow Dredlife, a sister-in-law of Sampson, to matronize the establishment, she went into a house of her own. The widow carried with her the old Dredlife influence, and the new home was at first scarcely other than a repetition of the old. Except that now Miss Rathburne began to go into society, and was enough of an heiress to be received there with favor.

She was not pretty, yet her figure was lithe and slender, her complexion was clear, and if she had ever been animated, might have been bright. Her eyes were large and dark, but the fire in them smouldered rather than sparkled. If she had had a little self-esteem, if some one had told her now and then that she was handsome, she might have been so; for many a woman sets up for a beauty on far less capital. But compliments never flowered in the Dredlife soil, and Jean had grown up feeling herself hopelessly plain, till the feeling had affected the very hue and lineaments of her countenance.

She had no taste in dress either—women seldom have who do not see any charm in their own faces. She wore colors which made her look sallow or dark nearly always, and her gowns detracted from the grace of her figure instead of being skilfully chosen to enhance it.

According to some creeds all this should have made her good by making her humble, but it had just the opposite effect. It nourished secretly a bitter, cynical pride, a grudging sense of injustice, a hard self-contempt—noxious weeds which do not grow in that sweet Valley of Humiliation where Bunyan's pilgrims walked, and "the herb called heartsease flourished."

This was just the state—sick of herself, at odds with the world, yet desperately bent on wringing happiness out of something—in which Jack Brevoort found her.

He did not love Jean Rathburne—you are not to suppose that for a moment. At her brightest and best she would never have been his style; besides, a little blue-eyed girl, at home in his mother's nursery, a poor cousin, held so much heart as he had, and was more to him than any one else ever would be. But *she* lacked money just as entirely as he did, and it is not in such cases that two negatives make an affirmative. Of course, he could be much more dangerous to Miss Rathburne's peace than if he had really loved her, for his coolness would enable him to take advantage of all openings. He sorely needed money, and he had settled it with himself that he must marry it. He thought fate, which should, of course, have a special kindness for the old Brevoort blood, had placed her in his way on purpose.

He meant to make her in love with him; so he commenced, like a skilful tactician, by trying to make her in love with herself. For the first time she found herself studied with unmistakable interest. He noticed her tastes, and showed quietly his appreciation of them. He gave her hints about dress, and she grew handsome rapidly—much to his satisfaction; for, though he would have been ready to marry her in any case, it would be much more agreeable to have a wife who furnished to spectators an excuse for one's choice in something besides dollars and cents.

It was not altogether the new colors that she wore which improved her. A subtle flame ran through all her veins, and kindled the smouldering fires in her eyes. Her cheeks were pale no longer, or her face spiritless. When she looked in the glass she saw what seemed to her, in contrast with her old self, a radiant vision. And when with this new Jean Rathburne Jack Brevoort began to fall in love it did not surprise or startle her.

This was the Summer of her life—fervid as short; it lasted three months. This time only, to her sad colorless existence, came happiness!

Brevoort was an ardent lover. He was gifted in the art of seeming to a degree amounting to positive genius. Then Jean was too sturdily honest herself to doubt the honesty of others, and too delicately generous ever to remember that she was rich and he was poor. So her Summer was warm and bright, and all her roses bloomed!

It was something to see her in these days—her old dead-and-alive self no longer; in its stead a sparkling creature, melting into the unspeakable glory of love and womanhood. How a man who truly loved her would have delighted in what Jack Brevoort watched with the cynical coolness of Mephistopheles!

He hurried on the preparations for their marriage when once she had accepted him. He could not do without her, he said, longer than till Fall. It was the truest word he had uttered since he began his courtship; but the need he had of her was of a nature he would not have found it pleasant to communicate. *She* thought it was the eagerness of love.

It was to make some of the arrangements which his approaching marriage rendered necessary that Brevoot went out of town for a couple of days; and of course, in his character of impatient lover, he must write each day to his betrothed. The first letter—Jean Rathburne's first love-letter—was full of subtly sweet words, tender phrases, allusions which made her pulses beat fast. She read it till she knew it by heart, and then kept reading it over to see if she had forgotten anything.

The second she opened with fingers trembling with expectation. It commenced with "Dear Hal!" Her delicate sense of honor bade her fold it up again, for she understood at once that it had been sent to her by mistake. But as she doubled it over she caught her own name. She would have been more than woman if she had not read it then.

It was simply the letter of one fast young man to another, about betting and debts and horses. It shocked her taste; but she loved him enough to have excused it but for this passage:

"George cannot say that I am not making effort enough to pay him. I am to marry Miss Rathburne in October. Splendid woman as she is, she is not my style—never would have been. I care more for Nell's little finger. However, a man who owes forty thousand dollars, and has some conscience still left about paying it, can't very well afford to indulge in the luxury of a heart. I believe I got rid of mine pretty effectually some time ago."

Those were words which no sophistry could ever beguile her into forgiving. Her Summer was over. The untimely black frost had come.

Who "Nell" was she did not care, or "George," or "Hal." She had no curiosity at all. Enough for her that love had failed her.

She looked in the glass with sad, changed eyes, and lost forever all the fond self-complacence of recent days. There was nothing about her to love, after all. She had been deceiving herself yet more utterly than she had been deceived. The very depth of her self-abasement made her patient.

It was morning when the letter came, and at night Brevoort was to return. So she sat all day and waited, without knowing how long the hours were, or feeling once the weariness of delay. She felt as if her heart and her pulses were standing still, waiting also. She was too utterly benumbed to care for anything. Through the weary day the only thing like occupation which she attempted, was to draw up a check for fifty thousand dollars in favor of Jack Brevoort, and sign it.

At last he came. She heard the well-known ring, the firm proud step in the hall—how she had loved to note and remember every one of his peculiarities! Then he opened the door, and came up to her as usual.

She made a slight gesture of warning, and that, or something in her face, repressed the enthusiasm which would otherwise have expressed itself in caresses.

"I believe forty thousand dollars is the amount of your debts?" she asked in a clear, metallic tone.

For once his self-possession failed him. His knees shook under him, and he sat down.

"Who told you?" he gasped.

"Yourself."

She took out the letter, and laid it in his hands. He looked at it, and knew Jean Rathburne well enough to give up his game.

"I haven't one word to say, though I am not quite so heartless, perhaps, as that letter makes me seem. I *should* have been kind to you. But you may as well despise me through and through."

"*Just* as well," she answered dryly. "Of course I withdraw from my promise to marry you; but your good intentions about paying your debts must not be frustrated by my troth-breaking. Here is a check for fifty thousand dollars. The margin of ten thousand over your own estimate of your liabilities will cover any little items you may chance to have forgotten, and make you a free man again, who can afford to have a heart."

"Do you think me mean enough to take it?"

"I think you *will* take it. There is a kind of justice in it too. I would have given you several times as much freely, if you had loved me as I thought. You deserve something for the weariness it must have been to you to act a part so long."

Her voice softened while she spoke to a tender, womanly pathos. He looked at her, with her sad, downcast eyes, her heavily-falling hair, her face that in its very woe was sweet, and he came nearer to loving her than he had ever come before.

"You can't forgive me," he said, "and I won't ask you."

Then he took his hat and went away, leaving the check lying on the table.

She sent it to him next day in an envelope, without an additional word. Pride bade him return it; but his necessities constrained him. Jean Rathburne smiled grimly when the check came back to her from the bank, punctured, like a railroad ticket, with little round holes.

Pride would have kept some women, in her place, in the midst of the world. *She* was prouder still, and disregarded the world altogether. She never was seen any more in society. She had had her day—her Summer was gone, with its roses. She chose to pass her Autumn alone. She pensioned off the widow Dredlife, and sent her away. She did not feel young or volatile enough to need matronizing any more.

If she suffered, no one knew it. As I said, the only complaint she was ever known to utter was that sentence in her strange will.

She died young. Natures like hers wear out fast, when no Spring of hope sustains them. Without doubt she was thankful when "the life that had been so sad" was over. She did not know, there under the daisies, that the first tears Jack Brevoort had wept in years were shed above her grave.

ANECDOTE OF COLUMBUS.

WHEN this celebrated navigator was crossing the Atlantic, after his first discovery of America, he encountered a dreadful storm. No prospect of deliverence appearing, the sailors abandoned themselves to despair, expecting every moment to be swallowed up. The feelings of Columbus at the time are best expressed in one of his own letters.

"I would," says he, "have been less concerned for this misfortune, had I been alone in the danger, both because my life is a debt that I owe to the Supreme Creator, and because I have at other times been exposed to the most imminent hazard. But what gave me infinite grief and vexation was, that after it had pleased our Lord to give me faith to undertake this enterprise, in which I had now been so successful, that my opponents would have been convinced, and the glory of your highness and the extent of your territory increased by me, it should please the Divine Majesty to stop all by my death. All this would have been more tolerable, had it not been attended with the loss of those men whom I had carried with me, upon promise of the greatest prosperity; who, seeing themselves in such distress, cursed not only their coming along with me, but fear and awe for me which prevented them from returning, as they often had resolved to have done. But besides all this, my sorrow was greatly increased by recollecting that I had left my two sons at school at Cordova, destitute of friends in a foreign country, where it could not in all probability be known that I have done such services as might induce your highness to remember them."

THE latest novelty in the "feminine line" is patent eyelashes, now for sale in many city fancy stores. A horrid old bachelor says that the way things are going now, a man that needs a wife will only have to step into a milliner's shop, purchase a waterfall, "plumpers," false curls, false calves, etc., put them together, and have one without farther trouble.

COUNTRY BOARD.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

ALL the long Winter of 1865-6 rumors of the approach of that dire pestilence, the cholera, had agitated the public mind. It was expected here at the opening of the Spring, and people prepared themselves for the dreadful visitation.

The common people were distracted by the theories of it ventilated in the public prints. Many felt slight interest in the question of contagion and non-contagion. Governed by their fears and their impulses alone, they resolved at all events to flee in good time from the impending danger.

Profound and anxious thought radiates. Excitements are seldom akin to pent fires, but far and wide they range the popular mind, producing consternation, affright, dismay; arousing the passions, stimulating greed, and all the baser tendencies of mankind.

In this case, country shared with city in the excitement. If the city was to be emptied of its inhabitants, the country must be prepared to receive them. Another necessity suggested itself to Rusticus. If Urban wanted a Summer home, and was afraid to stay in his own, he would doubtless submit to a good deal of extortion.

Rusticus had some reason on his side; also no inconsiderable amount of shrewdness, and more knowledge of human nature than is commonly supposed to belong to his habits. It was a very natural mistake he made, but it was a mistake. There was one thing not provided for his logic—that was the abatement of the excitement, and the prevention of the spread of the pestilence. Nevertheless, all drawbacks duly considered, I think he has made quite money enough out of the public troubles.

Arad Dempster was driving along the sandy road of a country town of unusual rurality of habit, situated not more than a hundred miles from New York. Arad was forty-five; but hard work, the tan of many burning Summers, and the hardening of many freezing Winters, had made him what his boys chose to call him, an "old man." He was bow-backed, and rheumatic, full of strange angles and of curves, which nevertheless deviated from the line of beauty.

Since leaving his home—a comfortable but unpainted farm-house—he had progressed a mile or two, when a tall, gaunt female, who might have seen the same number of years as himself, or more or less (for it was impossible to guess her age from her looks), came out of a low roadside dwelling, so tiny that it seemed hardly able to afford shelter to herself alone, and addressed him.

"Ho! Arad! Arad Dempster! What's your hurry? Can't you hear nothing, nor stop a minute? Sa-ay!"

This last word, protracted into a dismal monotone, brought the reluctant Arad to bay. As he said afterward, "When he heard that he knew he might as well give in. 'Twa'n't no use trying to git away from old Car'line when she got arter you for a talk."

"Hearn the news, Arad?" she commenced, as he reined the old mare up to the fence.

"No—what is it?" quoth Arad, grimly.

"Why, they're go'n' to have the cholery down to York this Summer, sure as you live, and everybody's go'n' to leave the city. That are paper't I saw down to Squire Muzzy's yesterday said as how't the grass would grow in the streets, and the 'brown stone fronts,'—whatever they are—would be covered with moss. An' it said, likewise, that they'd all go into the country to board, what didn't go over seas, and the country-folks must be prepared to 'commodate their distress-ed brethren and sisteren (they didn't say nothin' about little children, but I reckon they wouldn't leave them at hum to have the cholery), and board them till cold weather comes ag'in. Now, how many you goin' to take, Arad Dempster, and how much you calculate to ask?"

With this momentous question Aunt Car'line paused to recover breath.

"Dun know," answered Arad; "dun know; haint heered nothin' about it, before. 'Sides, what do we want o' boarders?"

"Wal, you just hear what the folks has to say about it down to the Corners (I have been a thinking about it nigh upon all the time since I read that are piece in the papers), and jist stop and tell me when ye come back, can't ye?" she screamed after him as she entered her house, and the old man drove away.

Arad was a ruminating animal, not a man of words, and he had matter for thought as he drove along after this colloquy, or perhaps, more properly, soliloquy. Long before he reached the Corners, this was the result of his cogitations:

"If all them city people that are so rich are a goin' into the country, why, they'll fill it chuck-full, I guess—every house, an' maybe some in the barns an' corn-houses. An' I don't s'pose they'd mind paying any price—as much as four or five dollars a week, mebby, for their board. Guess we can make out to 'commodate some on 'em, and there's plenty of pork down cellar, an' a lot of potaters and inyons that we'd a had to throw away. Guess we can."

He actually rode up to the store with an erect and defiant air.

Sundry round-about and unimportant questions at last introduced the subject to the circle he found at the store, and he soon found that nearly every one had been thinking about the very matter, but too shy to introduce it to his neighbors.

Then followed a caucus of Elmville leaders—the squire, the parson, the blacksmith, the school-teacher—in which it was unanimously voted, in the language of the schoolmaster, that "in view of the anticipated exodus of the inhabitants of the great seaboard cities, these distressed people, fleeing before the presence of the pestilence that walketh at noonday, should be welcomed by the kindly hearts to hospitable homes, and all the houses in Elmville be opened for their accommodation." And furthermore, "that it being necessary in time of such universal distress to fix upon a tariff of prices to keep grasping people from being extortionate, ten dollars a week for grown people, and half price for children, should be the sum uniformly charged.

"An' heow much for dogs and nussin' babies, Mr. Cheerman?" squeaked a voice from a dark corner. Nobody replying to this pertinent question, the meeting adjourned *sine die*, or, as the blacksmith observed, "*sence died*."

"Ten dollars a week! Ten dollars a week!" ruminated Arad, as he rode homeward. "I must stop and tell old Car'line, in course, though how it consarns her I don't see, nohow. Her house holds her, but nobody else couldn't squeeze in there. They might eat out under the old apple-tree, and sleep with their heads inside the door at night, jist like that are bird I've hearn tell of in Aisy, or Africay, or somewheres—that puts his head under the sand and thinks he's covered up. He's a fool of course," pursued Arad, "but mebby some of them city folks aint no smarter than he is, if they do wear his feathers."

"Ten dollars a week! exclaimed Aunt Caroline (she was an 'everybody's aunt'). "Why, the land sake! You don't say! Wal! I'm just a-goin' to send word down to York to Sophy Murphy (Sophy Brown it used to be) to come up here and board long o' me this Summer. Guess I can 'commodate her slick. She can sleep 'long o' me, and I've got plenty of chickens and garden sass coming on. Besides old Crummie's calf'll be old enough to kill by that time, 'n I can change round with the neighbors so's to have veal a considerable spell, and—"

"And what ye goin' to do with Mr. Murphy when he comes?" interrupted Arad.

"Murphy! Why, for the land sake, I never thought of him! He can't come here, o' course. No man has ever entered my door sence I lived here. I won't have 'em, the ugly creturs! When I'm dead I s'pose they can take me out to bury me, but I won't have one on 'em in here before."

"Wal," replied Arad, coolly, "I reckon my old woman couldn't go anywheres to live withouten I went too, and I guess Murphy aint a fool, nor his wife nuther. But I've told you the price agreed on, and you know better 'n I whether you can make hay while *this* sun shines or not. Gee up' Patty," and off he drove, leaving Aunt Caroline to finish her remarks to empty air.

Elmville was all commotion from the Corners to the Green—a space of fully four miles. At the unanimous request of his neighbors, the schoolmaster prepared for the squire (who was also the merchant) a letter which he forwarded as a sort of circular to the firms with which he dealt in New York, and which set forth the fact that he, and all the better class of the inhabitants of Elmville, were prepared to open their doors as places of refuge for the people of that city, driven from their homes by the horrors of the pestilence; and that in consideration of the hardship and distress which these unfortunate persons were undergoing, they were willing to accommodate them for the paltry sum of ten dollars a week, "children half price."

In the cold days of early Spring several New Yorkers, deluded by this high-sounding document, sought the classic precincts of Elmville in search of board. The exterior was by no means promising, for Elmville has to make many strides ere she overtakes modern civilization, but the interior was a thousand times worse. The best bedroom was usually a place of deposit for all the bandboxes and best bonnets of the family, all the hanks of woolen and linen yarn unwoven, besides miscellaneous odds and ends innumerable, while little by way of furniture, save the high post bedstead and mountainous feather bed, could be seen. The blue-edged table-ware, brown, home-made linen, two-tined steel forks, and utter want of the unknown luxury of napkins, made New Yorkers stare; as also the fried pork, swimming in its own grease, sodden eggs fried in the same, potatoes in their jackets, etc., which formed the chief staples in the feeding department.

By the first of June all fears of cholera had subsided. Mesdames Brown, Jones, and Robinson had each and all developed a sudden and keen appreciation of home comforts and privileges, and had each gathered her flock together and departed. Not a boarder remained in Elmville, and the magical ten dollars a week which Elmvillians had hoped to charm into their yawning pockets, had disappeared like the vague fancies wrought by a conjuror.

Every one was gone, and only Aunt Caroline had high hopes, for her boarder was yet to come.

On the first of June arrived Mrs. Sophia Murphy, *nee* Brown, a ponderous woman, once Aunt Caroline's contemporary, but now her junior by infinitesimal years, if looks were the test. In her shadow meekly followed Mr. Murphy—always Murphy—and not so meek as he looked.

Mrs. Murphy had received Aunt Caroline's invitation to board with her, a little wondering at its phraseology, and the anxiety it evinced that she should leave the city at once.

"Ten dollars a week! How very cheap, when we should have to pay forty or fifty, at the very least, at any fashionable place!" Thus said Mrs. Murphy to her husband, nothing doubting, worthy spouse, that the invitation was intended for the matrimonial unit, and not to that fraction of it which she composed. He assenting, she forthwith accepted the proposition, and arranged to be with Aunt Caroline on the first of June.

What was her dismay at sight of the tiny cage before whose gate they alighted. "Why, the whole house is no larger than my bedroom at home," she said to her husband. "We never can live here."

But a pair of bony arms encircled her neck, and a strident voice, with something of the old melody yet lingering in the tones produced by genuine emotion, assured her that this was the home of the ancient spinster. But—

"Who's this man?" cried Aunt Caroline, when the first salutations were over.

"Mr. Murphy, my husband. Of course you remember him."

"Oh! Wal, you'll only have time to get to the cars. I'll take care of your wife and her things—you needn't mind."

"But I am not going back to-night. I am intending to remain here awhile."

"Here! where? I never let any man into *my* house. Besides, there aint no room for you. Why, there aint more'n dishes enough for two, and there aint no place for your wife to sleep only 'long o' me."

Mr. Murphy gave a rueful whistle, which changed to one of amusement.

"I perceive," he said, "you are very disinterested. So you meant to charge my wife ten dollars a week for the privilege of being exceedingly uncomfortable here. I think she still prefers living with me—eh, Sophy? What do you say, my dear—shall we return at once? The carriage can take us back to the station for the down train."

And so ended Miss Caroline's speculation, and all Elmville's magnificent hopes of Summer boarders.—*New York Ledger.*

AN OBLIGING DISPOSITION.

IT is several years since the following capital story made its last circuit of the papers, and we start it once more on its travels. It will find some new readers and many old ones who will enjoy it.

There is nothing like an obliging disposition, I thought to myself one day when travelling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep, at his destination.

"Passengers for West Needham?" cried out the conductor—"the car stops but one minute."

"Hallo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders, who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Captain Holmes fast asleep, and this is West Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Captain Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the roadside. Whiz went the steam and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him: "Well, if it hadn't been for me Captain Holmes would have missed his home finely. But here he has left his bundles;" and the young man picked up a paper parcel and threw it out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me Captain Holmes would have missed his bundles finely."

When we stopped at the next station, a lady began to rummage under the seat where Captain Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm:

"I can't find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes, it was, to be sure," said the lady.

"Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last stopping-place."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days provided he should ever find it.

"Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good-natured thing again. What can I do for that poor woman, if I cannot find her bundle?"

Whiz went the steam, ding, ding, ding went the bell, the dust flew, and the cars flew, as they say, like lightning, till we stopped again at the next station, I forget the name of it now, but it would be of no consequence if I could remember it. An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Captain Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for?" I inquired.

"Looking for?" said the old gentleman, "why, I am looking for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old man.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Captain Holmes."

"Captain Holmes!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Captain Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Dear me, what can I do?"

Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself with the promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair, and made another solemn vow that he would never attempt to be obliging again. The next station was his landing-place, and as he went toward the door of the car, he saw a silver-headed cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well," again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Captain Holmes's cane!"

"Yes," said a gentleman, who got in at the last station, "and the old man is lame too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young man.

"Know him? I should think so," replied the gentleman; "he is my uncle."

"And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young man.

"Of course he does. He never lived anywhere else."

"Well, if it don't beat everything," said the obliging young man, "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

A BOY STRUCK BLIND FOR BLASPHEMY.

THE vengeance of the Almighty was visited on a youth named Richards, recently, in the most awful and sudden manner. It appears that the lad, who is thirteen years of age, and the son of parents in very humble circumstances, was playing in the street with four or five other lads about his own age at "cat and dog." Richards and his companions had been playing for some time, when a dispute rose among them as to the notches or jumps he had made more than twenty, and his opponents protested that he had not scored so many. High words and bad language were freely used on both sides. Each boy accused the other of falsehood, and at length Richards, failing to convince his companions of the truthfulness of his statement, flew into a violent rage and fiercely shouted:

"May God strike me blind if I have not made more than twenty!"

He had scarcely uttered the adjuration before he let the "dog" fall out of his hands, and throwing up his arms, exclaimed:

"Oh, dear, I cannot see!"

His companions ran to him, and finding what he said was true, at his request led him home, where on examination it was found that a thick film had overspread each of his eyes. In this miserable condition the unhappy youth has remained ever since, and we are informed that there is little or no prospect of sight being restored.—*Brighton Observer.*

NOT DEEP ENOUGH FOR PRAYER.

A GOOD story is told of two raftsmen, who were caught in the late big blow on the Mississippi, at which so many crafts were swamped and so many steamboats lost their sky riggings. The raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant it was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over her with tremendous uproar, and, expecting instant destruction, the raftsman dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a *vim* equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes an instant, he observed his companion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole in the water at the side of the raft.

"What's that yer doing, Mike?" said he; "get down on yer knees now, for there isn't a minute between us and Purgatory!"

"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch with his pole, "be aisy, now; what's the use of prayin' when a fellow can tech bottom with a pole?"

Mike is a pretty good specimen of a large class of Christians, who prefer to omit prayer as long as they can "tech bottom."

MEN do not leap the hill of virtue in a moment, nor do they descend into the valley of death or pit of vice in an instant. You took up your newspaper this morning, dear reader. The cruelty you shudder at—the wife-beating, the murder—think you these have a sudden inspiration? No! they are the outcome of habits, of thought, action, of long and steady preparation. You see the volcanic flame; you see the smouldering embers; you see the broken bridge; you did not see the little madrepores eating into the timber. Even in these great sins it has been "here a little and there a little."

FASHIONABLE.—The latest style of bonnet has turned up. It is described as consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws.

"A STETHOSCOPE," says a young medical student, "is a spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your own ears."

The Columbian.

GEORGE H. MOORE, EDITOR.

BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

THE BRADFORD DESPOTISM BROKEN.

For many years David Wilmot, of Free Trade memory, has ruled the County of Bradford according to the dictates of his interests and passions. It has been a rule of proscription, intolerance, and selfishness beyond any example in the history of this section of the Commonwealth, but it has had the prestige of success, and has been submitted to by hundreds, if not thousands, to whom it was both unwelcome and odious. Partisan interests, the pressure of the war, and other causes have conspired to extend and perpetuate an evil domination, and to induce good men even to yield it countenance and encouragement. It has been upheld and made strong because to many it appeared to be (under the circumstances) connected with public interests of transcendent importance, and sometimes with the existence or unity of the country itself.

But a day of reckoning has come, and an account may now be stated between the people of that county and their Master. Obedience is only due to a superior where the rule of the latter is benignant and just. And equally clear is it that political leadership should be founded in public utility and personal merit.

We need not now review the past life of Judge Wilmot, instructive as that review would be. We confine ourselves mainly to the present. Beginning political life as an apostle of Free Trade and Radical Democracy, he has run through all the stages of transition to Radical Disunionism. Upon the termination of his Senatorial term, he took refuge in a life office at Washington as a Judge of the Court of Claims. The office was created by legislation, which he himself assisted to enact, and his appointment was on his own personal application to the late President. The Court is not burdened with business, but the pay is respectable. The long vacations between its terms are spent by Wilmot in managing the politics of Bradford County, and in projecting schemes for controlling the Congressional, Senatorial, and Representative Districts of which Bradford composes a part. He amuses his hours of leisure and retirement in the manipulation of offices and in the intrigues of nominations. No public man of this country has ever run a career more selfish, more barren of magnanimity and generous impulse, or less fruitful in advantage to the public; and his present position and employments are in keeping with his past career.

His lieutenants, or subordinates in command, in the management of political dominion, are persons of consequence only by reason of their connection with him. But of both of them the public have now, by bitter experience, obtained considerable knowledge. The one, George Landon, a man of clerical antecedents but of unclerical practice, was once put in nomination in this Congressional District, but was withdrawn before judgment was pronounced upon him by the people: for, the direct charge that he was corrupt received such general acceptance that his case became desperate and his withdrawal a necessity. The other, Ulysses Mercur, a gentleman of Jewish descent, more recently became the Representative of this Congressional District in Congress. It will be our business hereafter, though by no means a pleasure, to review his Congressional record, and to discuss thoroughly his present claims to public favor in the canvass for re-election. These men, both chief and subordinates, have a fixed principle of political management and conduct. They hold to the doctrine of Robert Walpole, that every man has his price, and that all results in political tactics are to be reached by some direct action upon the selfish interests or passions of men. Passion is to be influenced to the highest pitch by continual agitation and popular appeals, and individuals are to be subsidized and controlled by the offices and patronage of Government.

The policy which has grown out of these views has been both corruptive and scandalous. Subserviency has been rewarded and independence proscribed. Whoever within the limits of Bradford County would not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" to the Towanda power has been excluded from all favor, and any active exhibition of independence has been followed by active persecution. In short, the political control established in Bradford under these men has been both selfish and relentless. But what particularly concerns us is the fact that the attempt has been made to extend the Bradford policy to the whole Congressional District. The men south of Bradford, Columbia, Montour, Wyoming, and Sullivan were to be subjected to the same system of coercion and corruption which had been found potent and successful in the north. No office was too obscure, and no individual too discreet to escape the notice and attention of the Towanda power. The inquiry which penetrated everywhere, and reached every case, was: What is necessary to establish the influence of the master and insure the subserviency of the slave? Hence it became possible for a supple instrument here to boast through his newspaper that there was but one Postmaster left within the entire limits of Columbia County who was not opposed to Andrew Johnson and devoted to the Radical interest; and it became particularly evident that the press of the district was to be subsidized to the object in view. The Postmastership at Bloomsburg was assigned by Wilmot to Palemon John because he controlled a small newspaper which might influence political action in this county; and after four years enjoyment of that office, the recipient of favor was for the same reason transferred to the more lucrative post of Assessor, and his assistant editor made to succeed him in his former office. These last changes required the removal of an Assessor who held the place but sixteen months, and whose only fault was the want of perfect submission to the Towanda power. In Montour County a Deputy Assessorship was bestowed to secure the adherence of the *Montour American*. Finally, in Wyoming County, a sudden and improper removal at the Tunkhannock Post-office opened a place to the editor of the *Wyoming Republican*, and secured his fealty to, and confirmed his zeal for, his masters.

But this selfish, aggressive, and intolerant power reached its utmost limit of triumph in the removal of Monroe in October, 1865, and in the subsequent appointment of William Burgess at Tunkhannock. The Bradford despotism is broken. It can no longer strut insolently upon the scene and perform its pleasure. The master and his men are not only known but are powerless for extensive evil. Their day of doom approaches, when the righteous judgment of the people will take from them altogether and forever the power and influence which they have abused.

BLOOMSBURG POST-OFFICE.

WE have the pleasure of announcing that John B. Pursel has been appointed by the Postmaster-General to be Postmaster at Bloomsburg, in place of Daniel A. Beckley removed.

Mr. Pursel is a firm Union man and a supporter of the President, and his appointment will be highly satisfactory in this community. He had strong recommendations for the place when P. John was appointed some years ago; and again, when Beckley was appointed, a decided majority of the citizens interested in the office signed petitions in his favor. The wrong then committed in Beckley's appointment is now corrected.

The late incumbent can have but little sympathy from any quarter in the matter of his removal. He obtained the situation against the voice of the people concerned simply because of his association with P. John and willingness to serve the Radical Bradford politicians who then controlled appointments. He has acted with great folly and impropriety in his office. He has made it a habit to show the President's portrait, and propose, in a jeering manner, to sell it cheap, or sell it at half-price, with other remarks expressive of disrespect and antipathy. We need hardly add, after this statement, that he is a Radical Disunionist of the worst type, and has used his office freely for circulating Radical newspapers and documents.

Recently the editor of this journal was treated rudely by him upon making a just complaint at the office that packages of the COLUMBIAN were missent through the mails; and afterward he published a malicious article in the *Republican* intended to injure us in our private business.

It has been the opinion of Union men interested in the office that their mail-matter has been subjected to improper inspection and *espionage*, and facts only known at the office officially have been bruited to the public through the *Republican*, whose editor has had free access at all times to the boxes in the office. For instance, when upon one occasion the editor of the late *Columbia Democrat* quietly mailed a copy of his paper to the President, the fact was forthwith announced, with a flourish of impertinence, in the Radical organ.

The late Postmaster was a new man in the town when selected, and the preference given him over a citizen of long standing and respectable character, was peculiarly objectionable and odious for that reason.

The Post-office will be located at a very convenient point in the town, and good accommodations will be provided for serving the public.

A COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Columbian:

FOR once the *Republican* tells the truth, in speaking of the *Democrat and Star* in its issue of last week, saying the reason the *Democrat and Star* fight with the COLUMBIAN, is on account of patronage, and not on account of principles, but for policy. This must be apparent to any observer. The COLUMBIAN is not abusing any person or party on account of principle. It does what every party should do at the present time—support the hands of the Administration, and endeavor to heal the breach made and that now exists between the people.

If we only had more papers of the same kind it would be well for us. It is high time that Radicalism should be stopped, and that we should act as friends, not as enemies. The time for bitter hostilities should be over, and animosity and jealousy be banished forever. But this is not the case; the editors of the *Democrat and Star* seem to cherish *that* within their bosoms very strongly, and foster it as an idol. What is more cowardly, more degrading than the two last named propensities! They fly on wings of wind, sending their poisonous darts into every circle, and seeming to gloat over it. Will this produce a revolution of feeling? Yes, assuredly; but only burning, unquenchable hatred. We should have the good of the whole country before us, and not party faction and strife. And if the editors of the *Democrat and Star* were to adhere to good old Democratic principles, they could endorse the principles of the COLUMBIAN, in so far as it adheres to the Constitution as made by our fathers.

It is clearly to be seen, in the article "A word to our Democratic Friends," that mercenary and parsimonious feelings are prompting the writing of such an article, not principle. This is one very sure means for those respected editors to lose patronage instead of gaining it, and of receiving contempt and scorn beside; if they keep a little easier as regards the "bastard concern," as they term it, they will have no cause to fear for their patronage. If a paper is properly conducted, and well executed, it will receive patronage sufficient for a reasonable support. Will not this suffice? Or is their motto only "Take care of number one," or two. Rest easy, there will be enough for both, without the sacrifice of principles.

AN OBSERVER.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

PHILADELPHIA, August 15, 1866.

THE great National Union Convention which began yesterday is a success in regard to numbers and the spirit manifested, and it has shown prudence in its proceedings. It will long be remembered as very interesting by members and spectators. There is great harmony and good-will among all concerned, and every one appears to be actuated by patriotism and a regard for public welfare.

The speech of General Dix yesterday was listened to with deep interest, and was well received. He is a fine speaker, with a pleasant address, and in listening to him every one thought of his patriotic and distinguished service during the war.

Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, made a good speech to-day on taking the chair as permanent President of the Convention. His voice is very powerful, and he speaks with much force of argument. The audience were pleased to hear him during the day repeat and apply to this time Mr. Lincoln's saying, "That peace had come and come to stay," and the Southern men appeared to endorse this sentiment as heartily as men of the North.

The people present in the enormous building I heard estimated at ten thousand, and many were unable to obtain admission, and were compelled to go away or remain outside. The Convention is the great subject of interest and conversation in the city, and a great deal of good is expected to result from it throughout the country.

This Convention is the first meeting of men from all sections of the country since the year 1860, and it is a good sign of the future. Men who have property are not to have it wasted by war, and general prosperity is not to be sacrificed to sectional passion and hatred.

It is likely that the Convention will conclude its business to-morrow, when resolutions and an address will be reported by Senator Cowan of the committee of which he is chairman. They will be acceptable to fair and reasonable men everywhere, and make a platform upon which all conservative men who love their country can stand. J. K. G.

REPORT FROM AN AGENT OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

THE Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau has received an elaborate report from a Special Inspector who was charged with the duty of investigating the reports of destitution received from Alabama and Georgia. This officer visited, in the course of his inspection, Northern Alabama and Georgia, and traveled *incog.*, in order the better to reach the truth among all classes. After giving a detailed report in reference to each county visited, he says his observations have convinced him that there has not been a single case of starvation in either State; that the amount of destitution has been largely exaggerated, and so located as to be out of the way of investigation. That although some destitution exists, and has existed, it is not absolute, but consists mainly in confinement to some one or a few articles of food, of which, in nearly all cases, there has been a sufficiency, and that it had been ascribable in great part to the idleness of the people; that the issue of rations, as at present conducted, is producing great demoralization and idleness among the people, and that so long as it is continued the apparent necessity for it will exist; that the crops, though small, are amply sufficient, with economy, to supply the people with the necessaries of life till another crop is harvested.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S TASK.

THE *Anglo-American Times*, published in London, has an article upon the Memphis riots, which closes with the following remarks: "Andrew Johnson has a gigantic task before him. Few of us can appreciate the enormous difficulties with which he has to contend. Few of us can understand the means by which he hopes to perform the solemn promise he there made. His measures may not appear to us directly to lead to such an object, and we must not forget that the children of Israel passed to their promised land through forty years of suffering in the desert, and that their leader was only permitted to get a glimpse of the country which Providence had marked out for his followers. There are those who believe that the President's heart has failed him in the task; that he has fallen off from the stern resolve required for the weary struggle. But we do not believe this. We believe Andrew Johnson to be a patriot—with his heart fixed on the grand object of reconstructing the Union, of giving to the South the law, peace, order, and equal rights of the North. It is no fault of his if slavery has so degraded a large section of the citizens he rules that nothing but years of patient legislation and strong government can elevate the lawless people into the highest task of a civilized community—that of governing its own passions."

PORTLAND is now an active place in spite of its desolation. Preparations for rebuilding are going on vigorously. A single man is employing nearly a thousand laborers in clearing away rubbish where he is about to rebuild, and most of the streets are now passable. The heat, however, of the fire was so great that a very few of the walls left standing are safe for use.

UNION

South Carolina and Massachusetts Arm-in-Arm.

Withdrawal of Mr. Clement L. Vallandigham.

Fernando Wood and Henry Clay Dean Withdraw.

GENERAL JOHN A. DIX TEMPORARY PRESIDENT.

CREDENTIAL AND ORGANIZATION COMMITTEES.

The Convention Proves to be a Grand Success.

SENATOR DOOLITTLE THE PERMANENT PRESIDENT.

THE OPENING ADDRESS DELIVERED BY GENERAL DIX.

PRAYER BY REV. J. N. M'DONALD.

FIRST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

EVERY hour of consultation has tended to harmony and cordial co-operation among the members of the Convention, and there is now every prospect that it will be a splendid success, unimpaired by any essential differences of sentiment or action.

On Monday Fernando Wood and Henry Clay Dean, whose antecedents made them especially obnoxious to public opinion, withdrew their claims to seats in the Convention, and Vallandigham alone remained obstinate. It was the universal opinion that his presence would be highly injurious and detrimental, and none insisted upon his withdrawing more steadily and earnestly than the Southern delegates, and the more considerate and influential of his Democratic associates. He insisted pertinaciously upon his rights. The Ohio delegation discussed the matter until a very late hour, and had come to the conclusion, as had nearly every other delegation, that he *must* and *should* be excluded in one way or another from participation in the Convention. This morning he applied to the Chairman of the delegation of Ohio for a ticket of admission to the Convention, and asked if he was recognized as a delegate. After a protracted and stormy discussion on the question, a resolution was passed to the effect that the delegation recognized Mr. Vallandigham as properly elected a member of their body, but asked him, under the particular circumstances in which the country is now placed, to refrain from participation in the Convention. Upon receipt of this resolution, Vallandigham sent a letter to the delegation, saying that he was glad to know that the delegation recognized his right to sit in the Convention, but that he gladly deferred to the judgment of long-tried friends, and therefore withdrew from the delegation, leaving his seat to his alternate. This letter is in the custody of the Ohio delegation and will be read to the Convention on Wednesday.

General John A. Dix, of New York, being designated as temporary Chairman, came forward and delivered his pertinent and impressive address. To say that this address was enthusiastically received, is to paint but feebly its reception. Cheer after cheer interrupted the sterling patriot during its delivery, and when he sat down, the whole Convention testified their approbation by tumultuous applause.

Then came a prayer by the Rev. Mr. M'Donald, and on its conclusion General Steedman, of Ohio, moved a Committee of Thirteen on Credentials, but the time was not yet come for that, and so Senator Doolittle begged the indulgence of the gentleman, and offered his resolutions, which were passed, when the organization was completed by the appointment of the Secretaries.

Montgomery Blair moved a Committee of one from each delegation on Permanent Organization, and the Convention adjourned until Wednesday at tweve o'clock.

It is understood that the New York delegation selected by the Saratoga Convention is to be admitted into the Convention, to the exclusion of other claimants.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The temper displayed to-day both by the delegates and the large assemblage outside, filling to repletion the spacious galleries, was admirable.

The composition of the Committee on Resolutions will attract universal attention, embracing, as it does, so many names of great weight in the national affairs. Since the adjournment the Committee have had a protracted meeting, and have thus far encountered no obstacles. Four or five sets of resolutions have been submitted for the consideration of the Committee, one of these being from the South and presented by the Mississippi delegation, Judge Sharkey being the author. The members of the Committee anticipate no difficulty in coming to an agreement, and believed they would be able to present their report on Thursday at ten o'clock, to which time the Convention had adjourned.

The Chairman announced a telegraphic dispatch from President Johnson, and directed the Secretary to read it.

The announcement was the signal for the whole Convention and the greater part of the spectators to rise to their feet and cheer vehemently for Andrew Johnson. After the applause had subsided the dispatch was read as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 14, 1866.

To Hon. O. H. Browning and Hon. A. W. Randall, National Union Convention, Philadelphia:

I thank you for your cheering and encouraging dispatch. The finger of Providence is unerring, and will guide you safely through. The people must be trusted and the country will be restored. My faith is unshaken as to the ultimate success.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

LETTER FROM JUDGE B. R. CURTIS.

Hon. O. H. Browning, Washington:

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for sending me a copy of the call for the National Convention, to be held in Philadelphia on the fourteenth day of August next.

In the present unhappy condition of our national affairs it seems to me fit and important that delegates of the people should come together from all parts of our country to manifest, in an authentic and convincing way, the adhesion of their constituents to the fundamental principles of our Government, and to that policy and course of action which necessarily result from them. In my judgment the propositions contained in the call of the Convention are consistent with those principles and that policy.

The nature of our Government does not permit the United States to destroy a State, or acquire its territory by conquest. Neither does it permit the people of a State to destroy the State, or lawfully affect, in any way, any one of its relations to the United States. One is as consistent with our Constitution as the other; while that Constitution remains operative each is impossible.

But the Government of the United States may, and must, in the discharge of constitutional duty, subdue by arms any number of its rebellious citizens into quiet submission to its lawful authority. And if the officers of a State, having the actual control of its government, have disobeyed the requirement to swear to support the Constitution, and have abused the power of the State by making war on the United States, this presents the case of an usurping and unlawful government of a State, which the United States may rightfully destroy by force; for, undoubtedly, the provision of the Constitution that "the United States shall guarantee to every State *in this Union* a Republican form of government" must mean a Republican form of government in harmony with the Constitution, and which is so organized as to be *in this Union*.

But neither the power and duty of the Government of the United States to subdue by arms rebellious people in the territorial limits of one or more States, nor its power and duty to destroy an usurping government *de facto*, can possibly authorize the United States to destroy one of the States of the Union, or, what must amount to the same thing, to acquire that absolute right over its people and its territory which results from conquest in foreign war. There are only two alternatives; one is that in subduing rebellion the United States act rightfully within the limits of powers conferred by the Constitution; the other is that they make war on a part of their own people because it is the will of those who control the Government for the time being to do so, and for such objects as they may choose to attain. The last of these alternatives has not been asserted by either department of the Government of the United States at any time, and I doubt if any considerable number of persons can be found to sanction it.

But if the first alternative be adopted, it follows that the Constitution which authorized the war prescribed the objects which can alone rightfully be accomplished by it; and those objects are, not the destruction of one or more States, but their preservation; not the destruction of government in a State, but the restoration of its government to a republican form in harmony with the Constitution; not the acquisition of the territory of a State, and of that absolute control over the persons and property of its people which a foreign conqueror would possess, but their submission to the Constitution and laws of the United States. But it seems to me a great and fundamental error to confound the case of the conquest of a foreign territory and people with the case of submission to a lawful and established constitutional government, enforced through the powers conferred on that government for that specific purpose.

It is quite true that such a civil contest may have, and in our country has had, the proportions of an actual war, and that humanity and public law unite in dictating the application of rules designed to mitigate its evils and regulate the conditions upon which it should be carried on.

But those rules of public law which concern the rights and power of a conqueror of foreign territory, reduced by conquest to entire submission, have no relation to the active prosecution of war. Their operation begins when war has ended in submission. They are the laws of a State of peace, and not of a state of war.

To suppose that the Government of the United States can, in a state of peace, rightfully hold and exercise absolute and unlimited power over a part of its territory and people just so long as it may choose to do so appears to me to be unwarranted by any rules of public law, abhorrent to right reason, and inconsistent with the nature of our Government.

When war has ceased, when the authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States has been restored and established, the United States are in possession, not under a new title, as conquerors, but under their old title, as the lawful government of the country; and that title has been vindicated, not by the destruction of one or more States, but by their preservation; and this preservation can be worked out practically only by the restoration of republican governments organized in harmony with the Constitution.

The title of a conqueror is necessarily inconsistent with a republican government, which can be formed only by the people themselves, to express and execute their will.

And if the preservation of the States within the Union was one of the objects of the war, and they can be preserved only by having republican governments organized in harmony with the Constitution, and such governments can be organized only by the people of those States, then manifestly it is not only the right, but the constitutional duty, of the people of those States to organize such governments; and the Government of the United States can have no rightful authority to prohibit their organization. But this right and duty of the people of the several States can only begin when war has ceased, and the authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States has been restored and established; and, from the nature of the case, the Government of the United States must determine when that time has come.

It is a question of great interest, certainly, but not, I think, of great difficulty, how and by whom the Government of the United States should determine when that time has come.

The question whether *de facto* governments and hostile populations have been completely subdued by arms, and the lawful authority of the United States restored and established, is a military and executive question. It does not require legislative action to ascertain the necessary facts; and, from the nature of the case, legislative action cannot change or materially affect them. As commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and as the chief executive officer, whose constitutional duty it is to see that the laws are faithfully executed, it is the official duty of the President to know whether a rebellion has been suppressed, and whether the authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States has been completely restored and firmly established.

The mere organization of a republican government, in harmony with the Union, by the people of one of the existing States of the United States, requires no enabling act of Congress, and I can find no authority in the Constitution for any interference by Congress to prohibit or regulate the organization of such government by the people of an existing State in the Union. On the other hand, it is clearly necessary that the President should act, so far, at least, as to remove out of the way military restrictions on the power of the people to assemble and do those acts which are necessary to reorganize their government. This, I think, he was bound to do as soon as he became satisfied that the right time had come.

After much reflection, and with no such partiality for executive power as would be likely to lead me astray, I have formed the opinion that the Southern States are now as rightfully, and should be as effectually in the Union as they were before the madness of their people attempted to carry them out of it; and in this opinion I believe a majority of the people of the Northern States agree.

The work the people are waiting to have done this Convention may greatly help. If it will elevate itself above sectional passions, ignore all party schemes, despise the sordid and party scramble for offices, and fairly represent the national instinct that the time now is when complete union of all the States is a fact which it is a crime not to accomplish, its action cannot fail to be beneficial to our country.

The passions generated in a great and divided people by long and bloody civil war are deep and formidable. They are not confined to one section; the victors as well as the vanquished are swayed by them. They connect themselves with the purest and tenderest sensibilities of our nature; with our love of country; with our love of those who have laid down their lives in the contest; with the sufferings which war, in multiplied forms, always brings to the homes of men, and still more to the homes of women, and which civil war, most of all, brings to the homes of all; and these passions are the sharp and ready tools of party spirit, of self-interest, of PERVERSITY, and, most of all, of that fierce infatuation which finds its best satisfaction in hatred, and its only enjoyment in revenge.

No statesman who is acquainted with the nature of man and the necessities of civil government can contemplate such passions without the deepest concern, or fail to do what he fitly may to allay them. Hard enough the work will prove to be, at the best. But a scrupulous regard for the rights of all and a magnanimous clemency are twice blessed; they both elevate and soften the powerful, and they reach and subdue what laws and bayonets cannot control.

I believe there is now a general conviction among the people that this great and difficult work is practicable. That it will long remain so, if the present state of things continues, I have not the hardihood to trust. I look to this Convention with hope that it will do much to help onward this instinctive desire of the people of the United States for union and harmony and peace; that it will assert, strongly and clearly, those principles which are the foundations of our Government; that it will exhibit the connection between their violation and the present distracted condition of our country; that it will rebuke the violence of party spirit, and especially of that spirit of hatred which is as inconsistent with the true love our country as it is with the true love of our brethren; and that it will do much to convince the people of the United States that they must act soon, and in the wisest way, or suffer evils which they and their posterity will long deplore.

With great respect, I am your obedient servant,

B. R. CURTIS.

THE recent general order issued by General Grant, requiring department commanders to forward copies of such newspapers within their respective commands as contained sentiments of disloyalty and hostility to the Government in any of its branches, with a view to their suppression, has been revoked.

GENERAL SPINNER, United States Treasurer, has decided that the only protection to the owner against the payment of a bond or seven-thirty note that may have been stolen is by entering a caveat at the office of the Secretary of the Treasury.

GENERAL PRESS DISPATCHES.

SINCE my dispatch of a few days ago, the programme for the Presidential trip to Chicago has been altered by omitting Saratoga from the list of stopping places. The railroad time-table for the trip as now arranged takes the party from this city in the half-past seven morning train on Tuesday, August twenty-eighth, arriving at Philadelphia at half past one o'clock P.M. The party remain in that city until eight o'clock the next morning, Wednesday, when they leave for New York, arriving at the latter place at noon Thursday, August thirteenth. Leave New York *via* Hudson River steamer in the morning, and arrive at Albany in the evening. Friday, August thirty-first, leave Albany in the morning for Auburn *via* Schenectady, Utica, and Syracuse. Saturday, September first, leave Auburn for Niagara Falls *via* Geneva, Canandaigua, Rochester, Brockport, Albion, and Lockport. Remain at Niagara Falls Sunday, and leave there Monday morning, September third, for Buffalo, where they halt for three hours, and then proceed to Cleveland *via* Erie and Dunkirk, arriving at Cleveland in the evening. Tuesday, September fourth, leave Cleveland in the morning for Detroit *via* Toledo and Monroeville, stopping three hours at Toledo. Wednesday, September fifth, leave Detroit *via* Ann Harbor, Jackson, Marshall, Kalamazoo, and Michigan City, and arriving at Chicago at about eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. Seward is the only member of the Cabinet that has positively arranged to accompany the President; but there is a probability that Postmaster-General Randall and Secretary M'Culloch may be of the company. The magnificent passenger car built for Mr. Lincoln is to convey the Presidential party through the trip. How long Mr. Johnson will remain in Chicago is not determined, but not over two days probably. He has been urged to visit Madison, Wisconsin, after he gets through at Chicago, and he will no doubt accept the invitation. Returning to Washington, it is understood, the President will come *via* Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Pittsburg. It is also understood that on the trip from New York to Albany the party will stop at West Point, where there will be a military review and a collation served up. General M'Callum, who formerly had charge of the military railroads, is to have the conduct of the transportation, and H. A. Chadwick, Esq., of Willard's Hotel, is to take charge of the provisioning and quartering of the party along the route. The ladies of the White House and of Mr. Seward's family are to be of the company.

Official information was received at the State Department on last Saturday of the inauguration of the State Government of Texas.

Ex-Postmaster-General Dennison's letter to certain citizens of Albany, in defence of Congress, occasions surprise here among those who had conversations with Mr. Dennison just prior to his withdrawal from the Cabinet. His extraordinary revolution in opinion and estimate of the President's policy as expressed in his letter, are difficult to reconcile with his verbal expressions of political opinion. We get the news from Ohio that Mr. Dennison is an opponent of Mr. Wade for the position of Senator from that State at the expiration of the present term of Mr. Wade.

A new navy register has just been issued containing the various promotions which have occurred through the action of Congress and otherwise since the beginning of the present year.

General Spinner, United States Treasurer, has decided that the only protection to the owner against the payment of a bond or seven-thirty note that may have been stolen is by entering a *caveat* at the office of the Secretary of the Treasury. Coupons are as negotiable at all times as a bank note, and will be paid in the hands of a third party and *bona fide* holders, even in the case where it is known that they have been stolen.

The General Land Office has issued fifteen patents for California Ranches, being private land claims, varying from eight to twenty-seven thousand acres. By an act of Mexico grants of land were given to settlers in her uninhabited counties as large as they chose to apply for. Subsequently, in 1824, these grants were restricted to twenty-four and forty-eight thousand acres. The ceding of California, New Mexico, and Texas to the United States transferred these patents to our Government; but by act of Congress in 1858 no one patentee was allowed to hold more than forty-eight thousand acres, that being intended by the act of Mexico of 1824. The largest ranche deeded by the United States is that of General John A. Sutters, the discoverer and informer of California gold. He has forty-eight thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine acres at New Helvetia, California. Some of the largest claims which are now being acted upon in the Land Office are M. R. A. De Poll, San Buenaventura, California, for one hundred and forty-four thousand eight hundred and seventy and twenty-four one hundredth acres. M. Touri, New Mexico, one hundred and twenty-one thousand and five hundred and ninety-four and fifty-three one hundredth acres; Simi, California, one hundred and thirteen thousand and nine and twenty-one one hundredth acres; Jacoba Feliz, San Francisco, California, one hundred and two thousand and twenty-five and twenty-five one hundredth acres.

All donation claims on Washington Territory reported for patent have been granted, excepting a few which are suspended for causes pointed out by the Register and Receiver at the local land offices. These are, however, in course of correction. A similar report is made for Oregon. What cases are now reported from Oregon City and Roseburg are now being arranged.

GENERAL GRANT has been invited to deliver the address at the Wisconsin State Fair, in Janesville, in September.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

MOTTO for the editor of the *Republican*—"How use doth breed a habit in a man!"

WILLIAM L. MADDOCK & Co., dealers in fine groceries, No. 115 South Third Street (opposite the Girard Bank), Philadelphia.

GARDNER, HEMMINGS, AND CO.'S Circus and Van Amburgh and Co.'s Mammoth Menagerie give an exhibition here on Thursday next.

AS showing the singular connection of words, it is stated that the first remark of Mercur after the confirmation of Mr. Clark was, "Dem me, John!"

THE statements of the *Republican* as to the circulation of the COLUMBIAN are easily falsified by referring to our books. Our subscription list is rapidly increasing. Last week we received thirty-seven new subscribers.

KING DAVID, of the *Democrat and Star*, wants that he has much to learn. Granted. We suggest to him privately in this connection that before indulging largely in quotations from Shakespeare, he should first learn to spell his name.

AMUSING.—The editor of the *Republican* complaining that he has been abused. Who could abuse him? What slanderous term could be applied to him except the word gentleman? For ourself we carefully refrain from the use of that term in connection with his name.

SUBSIDING.—Palemon John, late Assessor, and editor of the *Columbia County Republican*, devotes less than a column this week to the abuse of Mr. Clark. What a relief to his readers! We congratulate them. The falsehoods of which we convicted him last week he quietly ignores.

THE *Democrat and Star*, in its issue of this week, states two falsehoods in connection with our notice of the candidates nominated for the different offices in this county. It is not true that we expressed a preference for any candidate, nor is it true that we threatened to get up volunteer candidates in case the nominations made did not suit us.

IN our last week's issue an error occurred in transferring a paragraph from our "General Press Dispatches" to another column for the purpose of "filling out," which the editor of the *Republican* takes occasion to make the subject of a "local." It was simply an oversight, which was corrected before many copies had been printed. But what a fruitful field for numberless "locals" the errors in the *Republican* present.

CONSISTENT.—Last week our neighbor of the *Democrat and Star* warned its readers against trusting claim agents, etc. This week it advertises as follows: "Those having claims will do well by making the fact known at this office, as we have made arrangements for the collection of the same, which will be made upon the most reasonable terms and with dispatch."

HON. HUGH M'CULLOCH.—There are few public men occupying a more responsible position before the country than the Hon. Hugh M'Culloch, the present Secretary of the Treasury. And it affords us pleasure to say that his comprehensive views, his thoroughness and exactness, are such as to command the admiration and confidence of the people. His ability, integrity, and patriotism none can doubt. Known to be an able financier, an accomplished political economist, and a thoroughly honest man, his position in the Treasury Department not only creates implicit confidence, but causes the people to feel that so long as he remains at the helm the ship of State will be steered so as to avoid the gales of revulsion and the rocks of bankruptcy. Let Congress and the country sustain and support him.—*Columbia County Republican, April 5, 1866.*

HALLUCINATION.—Our attention has been directed recently to a most singular case of hallucination. A young man, respectable in his former occupation, fancies that his vocation is to edit a newspaper. His friends, kindly as they suppose, conclude to indulge him in this whim, and he becomes co-editor and co-proprietor of the *Democrat and Star*. Good people who knew him had thought and hoped the joke might end here. But not so. The public are presently astounded to learn that this simple fellow claims to have been educated in the same school with King David, and what at first might have been regarded as hallucination, at present, it is feared, gives decided evidence of permanent insanity. See! P. John pats him on the back, and he gushes over with delight. He meets gentlemen on the street and imagines they do not look him in the face, and this he makes the occasion for a learned dissertation on that "biped" called the wolf. This is followed by an insinuation that somebody once wanted to hang him. This idea of course has existence only in a diseased imagination. The proof is clear. Nobody ever heard of him until now, and not even Doctor John, Radical as he is, would consent to see the simple soul hung. The Doctor is a Quaker, and hanging is a serious business, especially among Quakers. Next his insanity takes this turn. He fancies that some imaginary enemies are to be subjected to great mortification by his refusal to recognize them in social life. This is the very "ecstacy of madness." This is no joke, and the case certainly calls for the interpositon of his friends. There is, however, comfort for them and us in the reflection that if the worst comes to the worst the provision made by our laws for the protection of lunatics in their persons and property is ample and complete.

NEWS ITEMS.

WATER has been for sale in Norfolk at twenty-five cents per gallon by unlicensed dealers.

COLONEL G. P. KANE, formerly United States Marshal of Baltimore, is engaged in the manufacture of tobacco at Danville, Virginia.

How loth the radical demagogues are to accept the lessons of the war! They are determined to accept nothing but their own political aggrandisement.

THE Minnesota Valley Railroad will be finished to St. Paul in three weeks. The Pacific road will be completed to St. Cloud, eighty miles north of St. Paul, Minnesota, by September.

THE Collector of Customs at Charleston, South Carolina, has seized the British bark *B. T. Shaw*, from Havana, for smuggling. Her captain refused to give bond and was committed to jail.

MAYOR STEVENS, of Portland, acknowledges the receipt of private contributions from citizens amounting to twenty-three thousand and ninety-six dollars and thirty cents.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS in Lenox, Massachusetts, was arrested and bound over for trial last week, for an aggravated assault upon a child three and a half years of age, because he did not spell "fox."

THE Atlantic cable is the fifty-fifth deep sea-line now in working order. The oldest line is that from Dover to Calais, twenty-seven miles long, which was laid in 1851, and has therefore been in operation fifteen years.

THE chief official organ of Maximilian says that the visit of the Empress Carlotta to France is to undertake herself the hard task of inducing monarchs or governments to do right when they consider it to their interest to do wrong.

WILLIAM EVERETT, of Boston, son of the late Edward Everett, has presented to the Unitarian Society at Winchester a very beautiful and appropriate set of silver for the communion service. Some of the plate had belonged to his father.

THE old "council tree of the Senecas," nearly two centuries old, at Mount Morris, New York, was blown down a few days ago. It measured twenty-three feet in circumference. The solemn councils of the Seneca chiefs were held beneath this tree from time immemorial.

A SHOP-KEEPER of Boston was last week convicted of selling half a gill of whiskey, and was sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars and costs, and to suffer thirty days' imprisonment in the House of Correction, and to give one thousand dollars bonds not to violate the liquor law for one year.

THE new armory building at the Colt Firearms Company's Works, Hartford, Connecticut, will be one of the finest structures used for manufacturing purposes in New England. It will be five hundred feet long and sixty wide, the same size of the building destroyed by fire two years and a half ago.

AN intelligent correspondent writes from Philadelphia to a friend in Washington that Forney, in going about and endeavoring to make an impression with his so-called politeness of manner, which is a mixture of the turvey-drop and the Jeames Yellow-plush, "presents an appearance that beggars description."

Market Report.

Wheat per bushel	$2 50
Rye "	1 20
Corn "	1 00
Flour per barrel	15 00
Clovorseed	5 00
Flaxseed	2 50
Butter	40
Eggs	25
Tallow	14
Potatoes	1 00
Dried Apples	4 00
Pork	18
Hams	20
Sides and Shoulders	16
Lard per pound	25
Hay per ton	20 00

Grand Jurors—September Term, 1866.

Borough Berwick—Hudson Owen.
Beaver—Daniel Singley.
Benton—Hiram F. Everett.
Bloom—Benjamin F. Hartman.
Catawissa—Walter Lashell, Benjamin Miller.
Centre—Samuel Bower, Jackson Knorr.
Fishingcreek—Cyrus White, John Brescher, John Zaner.
Franklin—Washington Parr, George W. Fenstermacher.
Greenwood—William A. Kline, Jacob K. Berlin.
Hemlock—John Kistler.
Main—William Swisher, Daniel Fisher.
Mifflin—Samuel Andrews.
Montour—Philip Heimbach.
Pine—William Karschner.
Roaringcreek—Philip Ged.
Sugarloaf—Jacob H. Fritz.
Scott—Daniel Mellick.

Traverse Jurors.

Beaver—Peter Knecht, Samuel Johnson.
Benton—Samuel M'Henry.
Bloom—Peter Billmeyer, Henry Giger.
Briarcreek—Absolom Bombay, Emmer Deitterlich.
Catawissa—Benjamin Barns.
Centre—George R. Hess, Emmit Aikman, Philip Creasy, Joseph P. Conner.
Conyngham—Stephen Monaghan, William Snyder, Samuel Lefly.
Fishingcreek—John P. Creasy.
Franklin—Daniel Zarr, William Rohrbach.
Greenwood—Edward Henry, Elisha Hayman, Samuel Begart.
Hemlock—Reuben Bombay, Samuel Brugler.
Jackson—Frederick Wile.
Locust—John L. Hurst, Lucas Fahringer, Mark Williams.
Madison—Henry C. Mills, John Zeisloft.
Mifflin—Albert C. Millard, Horace Schweppenhiser, Jonas Hartzel, Isaac Snyder.
Mount Pleasant—Eli Beiler.
Scott—William White.
Sugarloaf—Joshua Fritz.

List of Causes for Trial.

1. Stephen Baldy vs. the Catawissa, Williamsport, and Erie Railroad Company.
2. William L. Lamon vs. Thomas Creveling.
3. Jacob Harris vs. Peter Jonsby.
4. Andrew J. Snyder vs. John Sheattler.
5. Jacob Shuman vs. Christian Wolf.
6. Jacob Shuman vs. Jacob Hartzel.
7. A. S. Saul vs. Benjamin Wintersteen.
8. Same vs. Same vs. Jacob Hosler, William Klinetob, and Gideon Hosler, late doing business in the name of Hosler & Co.
9. Jacob Shuman vs. the Catawissa Railroad Company.
10. George A. Herring vs. Peter Miller.
11. Edward Reliner vs. the Locust Mountain Coal and Iron Company, *et. al.*
12. J. P. Hackenberg, for the use of M. Chamberlin, vs. Silas D. Edgar.
13. John Hinterliter vs. John Jameson.
14. Jacob Remley vs. Catawissa Railroad Company.
15. William A. Case, *et. al.*, vs. the Township of Centre.
16. William Lamon vs. Peter Hayman.
17. William Lamon vs. John Vangelt.
18. Henry F. Nuss vs. Borough of Berwick.
19. Abraham B. Swisher vs. Samuel Bixby.
20. J. F. Anspach, *et. al.*, vs. William P. Ryon.
21. Eli Jones vs. Miles C. Abbott, *et. al.*
22. John Jameson vs. Joseph R. Jameson.
23. Greenwood Township vs. Samuel Begart.
24. Sylvester J. Faux vs. Isaac White.
25. Sylvester J. Faux vs. Isaac White.
26. Christian Kunpp vs. the School District of Bloom.
27. Hoosier and Wife vs. Schlessler and Wife.
28. Wright Hughes vs. Peter Miller.
29. David Larish vs. Mount Pleasant Township.
30. Sylvester J. Faux vs. Isaac White.
31. John vs. Dibbler, *et. al.*, vs. Parvin Masters.
32. Jonathan Labbe vs. Wright Hughes.
33. Mary E. Green vs. Isaac White.
34. Michael Casey vs. Franklin Taylor, *et. al.*
35. James Barry vs. Robert Gorrell.
36. John Laverton vs. Barney M'Hearty.
37. Peter Kehrsbeck, *et. al.*, vs. Daniel Krum's administrators.
38. Solomon Neyhard vs. the township of Centre.

William H. Abbott,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.

M. E. Jackson,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Pa.

M. M. Traugh,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Near American Hotel.

M. M. L'Velle,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Centralia, Columbia County, Pa.

C. B. Brockway,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, first door west of the Court House.

Charles G. Barkley,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

E. B. Little,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, in white frame house, below the Exchange Hotel.

Robert F. Clark,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office corner of Main and Market Streets, over First National Bank.

John G. Freeze,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House.

Wesley Wirt,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of *fieri facias* to me directed, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, in the County of Columbia, and by the agreement of the defendant, dated August 13, 1866, in writing, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on Monday, the 3d day of September next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following real estate to wit: A certain tract of land situate in Catawissa Township Columbia County, containing twenty-four acres more or less, bounded on the east by lands of Jacob Drumheller, on the south by lands of Solomon Vogelsey, and on the north and west by lands of Gideon Arndt, whereon is erected a log house and a frame stable, with the appurtenances. Seized and taken in execution as the property of BENJAMIN FOLK. SAMUEL SNYDER, Sheriff.
aug18-3t

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of *venditioni exponas*, to me directed, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas in the County of Columbia, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on MONDAY, THE 3d DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following real estate, to wit:

All that certain piece or tract of land situate in Sugarloaf Township, Columbia County, containing one hundred acres more or less, about sixty acres of which is cleared land, bounded and described as follows, to wit: on the north and east by lands of Conrad Hess, on the south by lands of Samuel Hess, and on the west by lands of Benjamin Peterman, whereon are erected a one-story plank dwelling-house, a log stable, with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of WILLIAM J. HESS.
aug11-tf SAMUEL SNYDER, Sheriff.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One copy one year.....$4 00
One copy for three months.....1 00

And an extra copy will be allowed for every club of five subscribers, at $4 00 each, or six copies for $20 00. Payment invariably in advance.

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding.....$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco.....7 00 " "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—One dollar and fifty cents per line for inside, two dollars per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHER, Publishers.

MILLER'S STORE.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

The subscriber has just returned from the cities with another large and select assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

purchased in New York and Philadelphia at the lowest figure, and which he is determined to sell on as moderate terms as can be procured elsewhere in Bloomsburg. His stock comprises

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

of the choicest styles and latest fashions, together with a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, consisting of the following articles:

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Shawls,
Flannels,
Silks,
White Goods,
Linens,
Hoop Skirts,
Muslins,
Hollowware,
Cedarware
Hardware,
Queensware,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Hoop Nets,
Umbrellas,
Looking-Glasses,
Tobacco,
Coffee,
Sugars,
Teas,
Rice,
Allspice,
Ginger,
Cinnamon,
Nutmegs,

AND NOTIONS GENERALLY.

In short, everything usually kept in country stores, to which he invites the attention of the public generally. The highest price will be paid for country produce in exchange for goods.

S. H. MILLER,
Arcade Buildings, Bloomsburg, Pa.

HENRY GIGER

has opened a first-class

BOOT, SHOE, HAT AND CAP STORE,

at his old stand on Main Street, Bloomsburg. His stock is composed of the very latest and best styles ever offered to the citizens of Columbia County. He can accommodate the public with the following kinds and prices:

Men's calf boots, fine	$5 00 to 9 00
" Kip, double sole	4 75 to 5 75
Boys' child's boots	1 75 to 4 75
Men's glove kid, Congress, &c.	2 50 to 5 75
" " Balmoral shoes	1 90 to 5 00
Men's, women's, boys', and misses' glove kid lasting gaiters	1 75 to 5 75
Women's glove kids, very fine	2 25 to 5 75
" fine goat morocco balmorals	2 50 to 4 00
" men's morocco and calf shoes	1 75 to 2 50
" common shoes	1 50 to 2 50
Misses' and child's shoes	0 25 to 1 00
Men's, women's, misses', boys', and child's slippers	0 25 to 1 00

He also keeps a great variety of

HATS, CAPS, AND STRAW GOODS

of every kind, at the lowest prices, both for cash and country produce.

Remember the attraction is in our goods. Don't be alarmed at the cry of high prices, but call and see for yourselves. Respectfully,

HENRY GIGER.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Please take notice that I, Ira Roadarmel, of Centreville, Columbia County, having bought the following list or property from Peter Hower, do declare that it is my intention to lend the same to the said Hower, to wit: four beds; one dozen chairs; one lot of dishes; one cupboard; one bureau; twenty yards of carpet; one cooking stove; one parlor stove; one two-horse wagon; one two-horse carriage; one double set of harness; one single set of harness; two tables; two pigs. IRA ROADARMEL.

GRAND OPENING
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OF

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McKELVY, NEAL & CO'S,

Northwest corner of Main and Market Streets,
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Northwest corner of Main and Market Streets,
Northwest corner of Main and Market Streets,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,

in large quantities and at reduced rates, always on hand.

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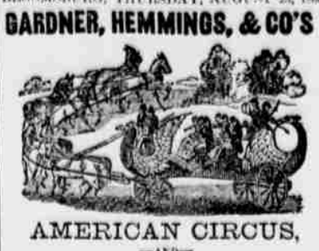
BLOOMSBURG, THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1866,
GARDNER, HEMMINGS, & CO'S



AMERICAN CIRCUS,
—AND—
VAN AMBURGH & CO'S
MAMMOTH MENAGERIE

—AND—
EGYPTIAN CARAVAN,
The Largest Traveling Exhibition in the World.
Comprising the only

REAL MENAGERIE
In America, with the
Baby Elephant, 2 Humped Camel, Royal Bengal Tigers, and Host of Lions, Tigers, Leopards, &c., &c,
And the

BEST CIRCUS TROUPE
In America, with
Better Horses and Ponies, Better Performers and Better Clowns
Than are comprised in any similar Exhibition.
Two Performances each Day, Afternoon and Night.
Doors open at 1 and 6½ o'clock.
One Price of Admission to Both Shows.
Adults.....50 cents.
Children under ten years.....25 "
Will also exhibit in SHUMANSVILLE, on Wednesday, August 22; DANVILLE, on Friday, August 24, 1866.
W. H. GARDNER, Ag't.

EVERY SATURDAY:
A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING,
SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

Much of the best literature of the day is found in the English and Continental magazines and periodicals; and it is the aim of the publishers of this new journal to reproduce the choicest selections from these for American readers, in a form at once attractive and inexpensive. The publishers believe that such a journal, conducted upon the plan which they propose, will be not only entertaining and instructive in itself, but interesting and valuable as a relief of foreign periodical literature of the day. It will be, in short, the aim of the publishers to render EVERY SATURDAY a welcome guest itself by its freshness and variety to all classes of intelligent and cultivated readers. Every Saturday will contain each week thirty-two large octavo pages, handsomely printed in double columns, with an engraved title.

TERMS.—Single numbers, 10 cents; subscription price, $5 per year, in advance. Monthly parts will be issued, containing 128 pages each, handsomely bound in an attractive cover, price 40 cents. Subscription price, $5 per year, in advance. Subscribers to any of the other periodicals published by Ticknor & Fields will receive Every Saturday for $4 per year, in advance.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One copy for one year, $3 00. An extra copy, gratis, for every Club of five subscribers, at $2 00 each, or six copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

CIRCULATION 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page.....$50 00
Half Page.....25 00
Quarter Page.....70 00

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

LIFE INSURANCE.

If you wish to live long and die happy, go without delay and

INSURE YOUR LIFE

in the best Company in the world,

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

ITS CASH ASSETS ARE $13,000,000,

and its annual dividend for the fiscal year of 1865 amounts to seventy-five per cent. on all participating premiums, being the largest dividend ever declared by any company for the same length of time. For further information apply to

P. S. BISBEE, Agent,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., on Saturday, the eleventh day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, Benjamin F. Hartman, Administrator, with the will annexed, of all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits, which were of James Dugan, late of Montour Township, in said county, deceased, will expose to sale, by public vendue, on the premises, a certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate in Montour Township, in the County of Columbia, adjoining lands of Cadwallader Roberts on the east, William Roberts on the north, George A. Willets on the south, and Brick and Hunter on the west, containing sixty acres more or less, whereon are erected a frame dwelling-house, and barn and other outbuildings. Late the estate of said deceased, situate in the Township of Montour and county aforesaid. JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk.
Bloomsburg, July 17, 1866.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

Ten per cent. of one fourth of purchase money, to be paid on striking down of the property, one fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation nisi, and the balance in one year from confirmation nisi, with interest on said balance from confirmation nisi. Purchaser to pay for deed and stamps.

B. F. HARTMAN, Administrator.

JOHN STROUP & CO.,

Successors to Stroup & Brother,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH,

No. 21 North Wharves, and 25 North Water St.,
Philadelphia.

H. W. RANK'S

WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND CIGAR WAREHOUSE,

No. 116 North Third Street,
Between Cherry and Race, west side,
Philadelphia.

JOSEPH S. DELL,

Manufacturer of and Wholesale Dealer in

CLOTHING, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS,

No. 43 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an

OMNIBUS LINE

between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sundays excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.

His Omnibusses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.

Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accomodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.

JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor.

THE AMERICAN HAY KNIFE AND FORK.—We the undersigned citizens of Columbia County witnessed the trial of hay forks on the farm of Mr. Pursel, in Hemlock Township, on Monday, May 7, 1866, between the American Hay Knife and Fork manufactured by SLIFER, WALLS, SHRINER & Co., of Lewisburg, Pa., and the Rundel's Patent Hay Hook. The American Fork lifted more hay in one draught than the Rundel in three. We are satisfied it will take as much hay into the mow as two good horses can draw. We also saw it cutting hay, and think it cannot be beat as a hay knife, and cheerfully recommend it as the best hay fork and knife we have ever seen.

C. BITTENBENDER, DR. F. C. HARRISON,
W. B. KOONS, JOHN DOAK,
JOHN DETERICK, DANIEL NOYER,
H. DIGLEMILLER, SYLVESTER PURSEL,
MICHAEL HELLER, JOHN WOLF.

They also manufacture the celebrated Buckeye Reaper and Mower, and other agricultural implements.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accomodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "*McHenry*"), purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

J. B. PURSEL,

HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,

and dealer in

CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS, &c.,

Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.

W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,

Manufacturers of

POWDER KEGS,

and dealers in all kinds of

LUMBER,

give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING.

Fresh arrival of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

DAVID LOWENBERG

invites attention to his stock of

CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,

at his store on

Main Street, two doors above the American House,
Bloomsburg, Pa.,

where he has just received from New York and Philadelphia a full assortment of

MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

including the most fashionable, durable, and handsome

DRESS GOODS,

consisting of

BOX, SACK, FROCK, GUM, AND OIL-CLOTH COATS AND PANTS,

of all sorts, sizes, and colors. He has also replenished his already large stock of

FALL AND WINTER SHAWLS,
STRIPED, FIGURED, AND PLAIN VESTS,
SHIRTS, CRAVATS, STOCKS, COLLARS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES,
SUSPENDERS, AND FANCY ARTICLES.

He has constantly on hand a large and well-selected assortment of

CLOTHS AND VESTINGS,

which he is prepared to make to order into any kind of clothing, on very short notice, and in the best manner. All his clothing is made to wear, and most of it is of home manufacture.

GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

of every description, fine and cheap. His case of jewelry is not surpassed in this place. Call and examine his general assortment of

CLOTHING, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

DAVID LOWENBERG.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER,

the successors of

WILLIAM SLOAN & SON,

continue the business of making

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

and every style of

FANCY WAGONS,

which they have constantly on hand to suit customers. Never using any material but the best, and employing the most experienced workmen, they hope to continue as heretofore to give entire satisfaction to every customer. An inspection of their work, and of the reasonable price asked for the same, is sure to insure a sale.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.—The undersigned has just arrived from the City with a large assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and Dye Stuffs, Ready-Made Clothing, Perfumery, Toy and Fancy Articles, Druggist's Glassware, Brushes, Trusses and Supporters, and a general assortment of everything that belongs to a well-appointed Drug Store. Also Patent Medicines of all kinds, such as Jayne's, Ayer's, Wishart's, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Brown's Troches, Swain's Panacea, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Hoofland's Bitters constantly on hand. Also

MOROCCO LEATHER, KID, FRENCH MOROCCO, FRENCH CALFSKINS, PINK TRIMMINGS, BINDINGS,

by the dozen or half-dozen. Also

SHOE-FINDINGS, FISHING TACKLE, &c.

Having had a large experience in the drug business, I would respectfully invite those wishing anything in that line to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. "In medicines quality is of the first importance."

JOHN R. MOYER.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.

Owing to the late fall in gold,

EPHRAIM W. ELWELL

has reduced his prices to suit all buyers, either at wholesale or retail. If you want

SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS, SPICES, CRACKERS, CANNED FRUIT, DRIED FRUIT, WOODENWARE, FISH, BEANS, CHEESE, FLOUR, FEED, &c., &c. &c.,

give me a call. EPHRAIM W. ELWELL.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting on his part to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibusses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. JOHN F. CASLOW.
Bloomsburg, March 22, 1866.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL,
Catawissa, Pa.

The above Hotel has lately been purchased by HENRY J. CLARK, and has been thoroughly remodelled, repaired, and refurnished. It will be found now, in its arrangement and appointments, a first-class Hotel, and second to none in the country. Persons in cities wishing to spend the hot months in the country, will do well to give the proprietor a call.

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER.

H. H. STOHNER

has always on hand and for sale

FRESH BREAD, CAKES, AND PIES,

FRENCH AND DOMESTIC CONFECTIONS

in every style and variety,

NUTS, FRUITS,

and everything usually found in a

FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY STORE.

Having recently fitted up a new and elegant

ICE-CREAM AND EATING SALOON,

he is prepared to accomodate ladies and gentlemen in the best style.

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES,

EYER & MOYER

respectfully invite a continuance of patronage. Their Drugs and Medicines are all selected with the greatest care, avoiding as much as possible the introduction of delirious nostrums, and are purchased from the best importing houses in the country.

PATENT MEDICINES

of all kinds, including Ayer's, Jayne's, Holloway's, Hostetter's, Wishart's, Hoofland's, &c. constantly on hand.

COAL OIL AND ALCOHOL.

HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL, AND CLOTHES BRUSHES

PAINTS AND CHEMICALS

of every variety, and of the best quality.

FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.

The public may rely at all times on procuring the above articles, with all the new useful preparations kept in the best conducted establishments.

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS

and Family Receipts compounded with the greatest accuracy and dispatch.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY,

Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The subscriber, proprietor of the above-named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of

MACHINERY FOR COLLIERIES, BLAST FURNACES, STATIONARY ENGINES, MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c

He is also prepared to make Stoves of all sizes and patterns, Plow-irons, and everything usually made in first-class Foundries.

His extensive facilities and practical workmen warrant him in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.

Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for Castings.

This establishment is located near the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.

PETER BILLMYER.

BLOOMSBURG FANCY TRIMMING AND BOOKSTORE,

second door below Hartman's, Main Street,

Just received a new stock of

ZEPHYRS, WOOLEN AND COTTON YARNS, CORSETS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, MUSLIN EDGINGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS

and every variety of articles usually kept in a

FANCY STORE.

Also

SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, BIBLES, SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS,

and a large lot of

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, ACCOUNT AND MEMORANDUM BOOKS, BLANK DEEDS, BONDS AND MORTGAGES,

and a general and well-selected assortment of

PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c.

A. D. WEBB.

THE ONLY PLACE

to get the best

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

is at HUNGSBERGER'S,

a few doors below the American House,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

He has the largest and most select of

SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO

ever offered to the citizens of Bloomsburg. All the fancy brands of

SEGARS,

and the best Fine-cut and Plug

CHEWING TOBACCO,

can be had at his counters.

TOBACCO PIPES

in great variety are among his large stock.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL.

H. H. HUNSBERGER.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

A. M. RUPERT

announces to his friends and customers that continues the above business at his old place on MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG.

Customers can be accomodated with

FANCY STOVES

of all kinds, Stovepipes, Tinware, and every variety of article found in a Stove and Tinware Establishment in the cities, and on the most reasonable terms. Repairing done at the shortest notice

25 DOZEN MILK-PANS

on hand for sale.

EAGLE FOUNDRY.

JOSEPH SHARPLESS,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

STOVES OF EVERY VARIETY,

PLOUGHSHARES, PLOUGHPOINTS,

and all kinds of Castings, on hand or supplied on the shortest notice and at the cheapest rates. Castings for

COAL BREAKERS AND COAL SCHUTES

made to order.

EMPIRE SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINES are superior to all others for FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES. Contain all the latest improvements; are speedy; noiseless; durable; and easy to work.

Illustrated Circulars free. Agents wanted. Liberal discount allowed. No consignments made. Address EMPIRE S. M. CO.,
aug4-3 843 Broadway, New York.

SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

A BABE at rest on a mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-wing'd butterflies—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radient with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eyes that look on her—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender words—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever join'd two hearts and hands—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born beauteous boy,
Forever hers till death shall part—
So sweet a mother's joy.

A matron in life's Autumn-time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees—
So rich is Autumn's store.

An aged form, whose dimming eyes
Foretell departing breath,
Are closed by grateful, loving hands—
So sweet is peaceful death.

Six feet of grass-grown flow'ry sod
On earth's kind shelt'ring breast,
Forever freed from grief and pain—
So sweet eternal rest.

AGRICULTURAL.

Improvement of Meadows.

WHEN we consider the large proportion of meadow land which has for ages received the wash from the cattle on a thousand hills, and is still of little value, we find this to be a subject of great importance, especially to the farmers of New England.

Having had ten years' experience with ten acres of the Coginchang Swamp, containing over a thousand acres, situated in the towns of Durham and Middlefield, Connecticut, I send you the result, knowing that bought wit is the best. The soil of this meadow is a mixture of clay and sand. The surface is usually covered with water in the Winter, and frequently in the Summer; the produce in its natural state is bullrushes, skunk cabbage, and coarse meadow herbage. The previous owner of my lot, acting on the wrong theory that high cultivation and manuring for several years would bring the soil into a better condition for grass, had half the lot ploughed, subsoiled, highly manured, planted with corn, potatoes, and other crops, which did well the first year, while the old turf remained. The second year there was a falling off, and the third year it fell into my hands. Not knowing what else to do, I followed my predecessor's example, and had it ploughed, working in as much good barnyard manure as possible, and planted. This was done so late, on account of the condition of the land, that the hoeing came in haying-time, and the July sun so baked the surface that the cultivator broke it up in hard cakes; so that it was about as easy to earth up a hill of corn as it would have been in one of the neighboring trap rock mountains. The crops hardly paid for the labor. The next Spring I had the piece sowed with oats, grass, and coarse bone. The weeds came in so that the oats were hardly worth harvesting, and the grass was kept out for several years.

I then had the other half of the piece, which was in its natural state, ploughed in September with a Nourse No. 20 plough, throwing it up in beds two rods wide, and turning furrows eighteen inches wide and nine inches deep, covering the bogs completely. I then tried a square-tooth harrow. This tore the sod in pieces, and did much more harm than good. I then tried a steel-tooth cultivator. This did well, but a Share's harrow did as well, and much faster. I had it harrowed lengthwise of the beds, working in twenty bushels of coarse bone to the acre. I then had the dead furrows cleaned out, and the edges of the beds rounded off. I then had it seeded with timothy and red-top rolled in, and the following Spring clover. I had a fine crop of clean grass the first season, the land being worth double the other half the lot, which had received three years' cultivation and sixty loads of the best manure to the acre, besides a large amount of fertilizers.

The grass continued good for three or four years, when it run out, coarse grass coming in. I then had a piece ploughed again with a common plough, and harrowed in about eight loads of good manure to the acre, and seeded as before. I took at the same time a timber piece and had it top-dressed with the same amount of manure, and nothing else. This last piece did much better than the first, the timothy standing so thick and even that it looked like a piece of grain at a distance.

The following is the result of my experience: 1st, that this soil should never be exposed in Summer; 2d, that no amount of manure will compensate for the loss of the turf by repeated cultivation; 3d, that one load of manure as a top-dressing is worth two loads harrowed in after ploughing, or four loads ploughed in—that the seeding from simply top-dressing is much better than can be obtained by ploughing and re-seeding.

I have since top-dressed each part with about eight loads of barnyard manure to the acre every four years, applied just before the Fall rains. I get a ton and a half of fine hay to the acre, worth about twenty dollars an acre more than the natural grass on the adjoining land, which is equally as good land. The profit pays for the improvement every two years, and the lot was never as good as at this time.

Now, suppose that a thousand acres of the adjoining land was improved in the same way, there would be a gain of twenty thousand dollars a year in this one tract of land, and yet there are scores of men who witness my improvement every year, and still allow their land to produce coarse grass, worth from one to three dollars an acre, while they are travelling round seeking investment for surplus funds.—*R. W. Mathewson, in Country Gentleman.*

To Destroy the Hop Insect.

F. W. COLLINS, an experienced cultivator of hops, writes to the *American Farmer* that a decoction of tobacco, strong enough to kill ticks on sheep, or the blue louse on colts or calves, is effective against vermin on hop vines. Others use strong soap suds made with soft soap and tobacco water, with one pound of copperas to every five gallons of the liquor. This wash is applied to the vine when trained on the horizontal plan, by a syringe, or, if on the plan of long poles, with a force pump, or garden engine pump, to throw the liquid with force against the under side of the leaves, as the louse is always there first. The writer adds: "It is of great importance to the hop-grower to secure a large crop this year, as even if the crop is a full one, the price must be high, and if it should be a partial failure, the price will rise very high. There are two causes for this: 1st, the rapid increase in the demand for hops; and 2d, the destruction of hop yards the past season, owing to cutting the vine at picking, as is practised in yards on long poles. The vines were cut early, and the open Winter left the roots, after a most severe drain upon their vitality by loss of sap, exposed throughout its whole extent to severe frost. Many yards so treated were wholly destroyed, or so injured as to cause them to be ploughed up this Spring."

FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

The Goblin's Chestnuts.

LITTLE GEORGE was trudging along with a great bushel-basket slung at his back, a market-basket on each arm, two smaller baskets in the bushel-basket, and the least basket of them all slung about his neck.

George was bare-footed; George shivered, for his jacket was very old, and the October morning was cold as well as bright. George was hungry. Oatmeal, with butter and salt, may be all very well, but oatmeal for breakfast, oatmeal for dinner, and nothing for supper, every day in the week, is not good growing material for little boys; and George was hungry nearly half the time. And, finally, George was very sorry at heart, for his mother was a widow. She had been ill that Summer, and could not do as much spinning and sewing as usual. Consequently, she was not ready with her rent; and Mr. Dawson, their landlord, was a hard man, just the fellow to turn George and his mother out of doors, and keep their one little bed for rent.

George was going to Squire Dawson's Woods to gather chestnuts; not for himself, but for Squire Dawson. He was to fill the bushel-basket, the two smaller baskets in it, and the two market-baskets, for Squire Dawson; and that least basket of all, hanging about his neck, he might fill for himself and take home to his mother as his wages. That was a very mean bargain; but, then, the Squire was a mean man, and had grown rich in a mean way, you see.

There were plenty of chestnuts lying on the ground, for a great wind had been thrashing the old trees, and the ground was thick with the brown-looking nuts; but the wind, having thrashed the trees, thought it fine fun to thrash George also, and it blew his hat off, and his hair in his eyes, and flapped his jacket about, and found its way in under it, and pinched his nose and his fingers, as if it had been Jack Frost himself.

"What a bitter cold wind!" said George to himself, with a shiver.

"That's so," retured a voice from behind the tree. "He spent the night with me; and we Goblins think we know how to keep warm, but he nearly froze us out. I told the old fellow he had his Winter cap on by mistake."

"Eh? What!" said George to himself; and getting up from his knees, looked carefully all about him, but seeing nothing, concluded he had thought all that. "But then it is very curious I should think of such a thing," he said to himself.

"Why don't you look where I am?" said the old voice again. "If I had been a poodle I would have bitten you long ago."

And sure enough, there on a stone, just in front of him, sat a little brown thing, as brown as a chestnut, only it had a face like a man, and was buttoned in a thick overcoat up to its chin, as it sat on a stone, smoking a little short pipe.

"I have been watching you fill your baskets," said this queer object, with a nod. "You will have a heavy basket to carry home for yourself. How you will ever get it home I don't see. I should think it would hold very nearly a quart of nuts. There will be enough to last you and your mother all the Winter, I should say."

"I don't see why you should make so much fun," answered George, a little provoked. "A few nuts are better than none, and my mother is very fond of them. I am sure we have little enough to be glad of anything, no matter how small."

"You little silly!" said the Goblin. "Why don't you fill the bushel basket full, and carry it home? Who would know it? Take a cut across the fields, and who is there to see you?"

"That is stealing," said George, and went back to his work without another word.

He thought that this must be a wicked Goblin, since he was urging him to steal, and felt a little afraid.

"But, then, if I do right, he surely cannot hurt me," said George to himself, and worked away stoutly.

"If I were not too lazy, I would help you," said the Goblin, as George lifted the great bushel-basket. "But it is so much pleasanter kicking up your heels in the sun than tugging and straining at bushel-baskets."

"Thank you for nothing," answered George, who began to think this was a sneaking sort of a Goblin, and heartily hoped that he would have taken himself off by the time that he came back after his other baskets. But no, there he was, lolling in the sun, and smoking his pipe and watching George carry off each basket, as if he had never seen a boy picking chestnuts before. At last George came to his own little basket.

"Stop a moment," said the Goblin, and pulled three chestnuts out of his pocket. "Here are three nuts from my own chestnut-tree. Take them home to your mother, and see which she likes best—the Squire's nuts or mine."

"Why, he is a mean Goblin, too, thought George. "He is worse than the Squire."

Still he put the nuts in his pocket; and when he had told the story to his mother, she was at once curious to try them. George peeled one of the nuts at once.

"How do you do?" said a little man, stepping out; "the Goblin has sent me here to cut your wood, mend your fences, make your garden, and be your servant."

And, shouldering his axe, he went out into the forest, where they heard him hacking and hewing at the trees.

"Quick, quick!" said George, "let us see what is in the other two;" and he began peeling away, laughing all the time.

"What do you make a body's head ring so for?" said a little woman, stepping out with a spinning-wheel and beginning to spin. "If you had sent me out of my senses with your clatter, it would have been your loss; for the Goblin sent me to spin and sew for you, and be your servant."

And setting up her wheel, she began to spin. George was now in such a flutter, between curiosity and impatience, that he could hardly crack the third at all; but as it flew open, both he and his mother screamed outright, for there was a great, long purse, full of gold."

"That will pay the rent," said the widow.

"And buy you a shawl and a gown."

"And you a jacket and a coat, and shoes."

"And a cow—"

"And another bed—"

"And send you to school—"

"And get you some tea that you like so; but, dear me, to think that I never thanked the Goblin."

"He! he! he!" tittered the Goblin, peeping at them from the chimney.

WIT AND WISDOM.

HOW was Jonah punished? Whaled.

COUNTER-ATTRACTION — A pretty saleswoman.

WHEN has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

WHY ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat? To keep a check upon his stomach.

A POOR man who had been ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken a remedy, replied: "No, I ain't taken any remedy, but I have taken lots of physic."

JOSH BILLINGS says he has got a good recollection, but not a good memory. He recollects having lost ten dollars the other night, but don't remember where he lost it.

A WITTY doctor of divinity, whose physicians had ordered him for a time on a purely vegetable diet, demurred, on the ground that "he should not be able to say grace before meat."

THEY are fond of titles in the East. Among his other high-sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as though he had prepared for a long *reign!*

A MAN out West says that he moved so often during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at his gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

"JOHNNY, my dear, run to the store and get some sugar," said a mother to her precocious son of eleven years. Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring a paper of tobacco along."

A MERCHANT examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right except one hammer. "Oh, don't be troubled, my honey," said his Irish porter. "Sure the nagur took it out to open the hogshead with."

THE following somewhat remarkable advertisement appeared in the columns of a recent number of a newspaper: "Lost by a poor lad tied up in brown paper with a white string, a German flute in an overcoat, and several other articles of wearing apparel."

THE mayor of a country town was questioning the boys at the ragged school, and he asked them what were the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last a little boy near the bottom said, "I know, sir. The mayor and corporation going to church, sir."

A CHINESE widow fanning the tomb of her deceased husband, and being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, accounted for it by saying that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of his tomb remained damp; and as it dried but slowly, she saw no harm in aiding the operation.

Two captains agreed to share their prizes, and met weekly to give an account of their seven days' work and signalize their luck. On one occasion Captain A. signalized Captain B.: "I have taken something." Quick went up the bunting: "What have you taken?" and all hands stood on tiptoe of expectation. "Physic," was the pithy reply of Captain A.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY once puzzled a number of clever men in whose company he was by asking them this question: "How is it that white sheep eat more than black?" Some were not aware of the curious fact; others set to work to give learned and long reasons; but all were anxious to know the real cause. After keeping them wondering for awhile, he said: "The reason is, because there are more of them."

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From and after October 2, 1865, the trains will pass Rupert as follows:
GOING NORTH.—Elmira Mail at 4 P.M.; Erie Express at 2:48 A.M.
GOING SOUTH.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 4 P.M.
GEORGE WEBB, Supt.

LACKAWANNA AND BLOOMSBURG RAILROAD.
On and after March 11, 1866, Passenger Trains will run as follows:
SOUTHWARD.—Leave Scranton at 4:40 P.M. and 5:50 A.M.; Kingston at 6 P.M. and 6:55 A.M.; Bloomsburg at 8:20 P.M. and 9:20 A.M. Arrive at Northumberland at 9:50 P.M. and 10:35 A.M.
NORTHWARD.—Leave Northumberland at 7 A.M. and 5 P.M.; Bloomsburg at 8:25 A.M. and 6:25 P.M.; Scranton at 11:05 A.M. and 9 P.M. Arrive at Scranton at 12:40 A.M. and 10:15 P.M.
H. A. FONDA, Supt.
Kingston, March 15, 1866.

GREAT PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE
to the
NORTH AND WEST.
FOUR DAILY TRAINS.
ON AND AFTER MARCH 12, 1866, trains will leave as follows:

	Leave Wash'n.	Leave Balto.
Express Mail	6:20 A.M.	9:00 A.M.
Fast Line	7:30 A.M.	12:10 P.M.
Pittsburg and Erie Ex.	4:30 P.M.	7:20 P.M.
Pittsburg and Elmira Ex.	7:10 P.M.	9:45 P.M.

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LOW FARE AND QUICK TIME.
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Time of Passenger Trains at Northumberland:
LEAVE EASTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 12:25 P.M.; Erie Express Train, 3:25 A.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 10:25 A.M.
LEAVE WESTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 5 A.M.; Erie Express Train, 7:14 P.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 4:55 P.M.
Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.
NEW YORK CONNECTION.—Leave New York at 9 A.M., arrive at Erie at 9:35 A.M.; Leave Erie at 1:55 P.M., arrive at New York at 3:40 P.M.
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H. H. HOUSTON,
General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
J. W. GWINN,
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.
A. L. TYLER,
General Superintendent, Williamsport.
March 22, 1866.

READING RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
April 23, 1866.
Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 3, 7:40, and 9:05 A.M., and 2 and 9:20 P.M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 5:40 and 10 A.M., and 3:40 and 10:35 P.M. Sleeping Cars accompany the 3 A.M. and 9:20 P.M. trains, without change.
Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown, and Philadelphia at 7:40 A.M., and 2 and 9:20 P.M., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations, the 9:20 P.M. train making no close connections for Pottsville or Philadelphia. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven, and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 4:15 P.M.
Returning, leave New York at 9 A.M., 12 M., and 8:30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.; Pottsville at 8:30 A.M. and 5:5 P.M.; Ashland at 9 and 11:15 A.M., and 1:05 P.M.; Tamaqua at 9:40 A.M. and 1 and 8:35 P.M.
Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, at 7 A.M.
Reading Accommodation Train leaves Reading at 6 A.M., returning from Philadelphia at 5 P.M.
Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 6:20 and 9:15 P.M. for Ephrata, Litiz, Columbia, &c., &c. On Sundays leave New York at 5:30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M. and 3:15 P.M., the 8 A.M. train running only to Reading; Pottsville at 8 A.M.; Tamaqua at 7:30 A.M.; Harrisburg at 9:05 A.M.; and Reading at 1:30 A.M. for Harrisburg, and 10:52 A.M. for New York, and 4:25 P.M. for Philadelphia.
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A. A. NICOLLS, Gen. Supt.
Reading, Pa., April 23, 1866.

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